

"awful warm," he said.

i started to get up from the chair. i'll cut up his
dead body, i thought, and i'll feed it in little
pieces to jacquith's piranha"

the phone rang. i swung around to answer it, and hartz
went off down the corridor with a wave.

it was my girlfriend. "i was wondering," she said, "if
you'd decided what you want me to fix for dinner."

"yes," i said. "a nice loin of new york academic jew."

-- Gerald Locklin

Long Beach CA

Hunch

There's this girl
with blond hair
parted down the center
of her head.
Sometimes she wears
it straight,
sometimes back,
less often circled
in a bun or
braided.
She never wears bangs
or eye makeup.

Charlene

We had lunch
together. I told her
about myself.
I even told her
how I had
watched her,
knew her habits,
the different ways
she wore her hair.

The years have gone
beyond computation
and where you are now
I can't imagine.

but I will always
remember the way
you walked in pink
shoes across the lake.

She was surprised.
She smiled.
She had a dimple
on the right side
of her mouth.
None on the other.